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ROBERT THE SLEEPY ROOSTER



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Robert Rooster stretched himself, then he flapped his wings and gave his loudest crow. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"There," he said, "that should wake everybody up!"

He hopped down off of his perch and strutted out to the barnyard. "Well," said Mrs. Biddy Hen, "aren't you a little late?"

Robert looked around: The Drake Family were swimming about in the pond; Betsy, the cow, had gone to the meadow; and Dobbins, the horse, was pulling his plow through the field. "Oh, my goodness," said Robert, "I've overslept again. Whatever will I do?"

"I don't know, Robert," said Mrs. Biddy, "but I do know that I missed my early worm this morning because you didn't wake me on time."

"I know what," said Robert, "I'll have someone call me in the morning." So he asked Elmer Porker if he would.

"I'll be glad to," said Elmer. "Let's turn in now and we'll have time for a chat before we go to sleep." And, indeed, Elmer chatted. He talked and talked and talked, so poor Robert didn't get to sleep until it was almost dawn. Naturally, he slept all day long. My, but Robert was ashamed when he got up and heard all the

barnyard animals gossiping about him.

"Why," he heard one say, "that Robert Rooster is the laziest Getter-upper we've ever had." "Yes," another answered, "and we're all getting into trouble on his account."

"Oh, let's give him just one more chance," said Mrs. Biddy Hen, who was very kind hearted.

"All right," everyone decided, "but this is absolutely the last one."

Mrs. Biddy hurried off to tell Robert. "Now you ask Mr. Dobbins, the horse, how he manages to get up on-time," she advised. "He's never late."

Robert waited for Mr. Dobbins to come in from the field. Mr. Dobbins was very obliging and whispered his secret for getting up into Robin's ear.

The next morning just before the sun came up, which was exactly the right time for it, a beautiful crow, "Cock-a-doodle-doo" rang out over the farm. Robert was on time. And the next morning after that the same thing happened, and the next.

"What was Mr. Dobbins' secret," said Mrs. Biddy, one morning. "It certainly worked a miracle, Robert."

"It is very easy once you know how," said Robert. "You see, if you go to bed and go to sleep on time, you are sure to rise on time. That's all there is to it."

UNCLE WIGGLEY

MY WORD! A BLIND BEGGAR CAT! I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE.



SCOPED 1946 BY HOWARD R. GARIS

PLEASE HELP THE BLIND! JUST A MORSEL OF FOOD... OR A DIME IF YOU HAVE IT... TO HELP MY POOR, SICK, STARVING KITTENS IN OMAHA.



DEAR ME! I'VE SPENT ALL MY MONEY AT THE GROCERY STORE... BUT IF YOU'RE REALLY HUNGRY...

OH KIND SIR! I'M STARVING... NOTHING TO EAT FOR THREE DAYS.



YOU POOR THING! HERE'S A DOZEN EGGS, AND A POUND OF CHEESE, AND A LOAF OF BREAD, AND A BAG OF CHOCOLATE MARSH-MALLOW COOKIES... WILL THAT DO?

OH, THANK YOU, KIND SIR!



I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO NURSE JANE WHEN I COME HOME EMPTY-HANDED, BUT -- AHEM!



BUT I COULDN'T LET A POOR, BLIND CREATURE DIE OF STARVATION, SO FAR FROM HOME.

OF COURSE NOT, UNCLE WIG -- I MEAN, KIND SIR!



DEAR, DEAR! I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR THOSE POOR, SICK, HUNGRY KITTENS IN OMAHA.



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TO THINK OF IT... NOTHING TO EAT FOR THREE DAYS! GNIFF! WHERE'S MY HANDKERCHIEF?



IT'S GONE! I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT
BACK THERE AT THE FOUR
CORNERS.



NURSE JANE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME
IF I LOST THAT BEAUTIFUL SILK
HANDKERCHIEF.



OH, OH! THE SCOUNDREL! HE'S WEARING
IT! IF HE WERE REALLY BLIND...



HELP ME KIND LADY! HELP
A POOR, BLIND
STARVING CAT
THAT'S GOT
SIX LITTLE SICK
KITTENS...

OH YOU POOR CAT!



IF YOU'RE STARVING, YOU SHOULDN'T EAT TOO
MUCH AT FIRST. BUT A LITTLE MILK...

THANKS, LADY! A
QUART WOULD SAVE
MY LIFE.



THAT FAKER IS NO MORE
BLIND THAN I AM! HE SAW
SHE HAD A QUART.



A WHOLE QUART WOULD KILL YOU IF YOU
HAVEN'T EATEN FOR THREE DAYS. NOW SIP
THIS VERY SLOWLY.

HOW ABOUT A
DOUGHNUT TO
EAT LATER, MA'AM?



NO INDEED! EVEN HALF A DOUGHNUT
MIGHT MAKE YOU
SICK.



HELP THE BLIND, LAD:
HELP A POOR, STARVING
BLIND CAT!



HE'S STOPPED A PIG, A PORCUPINE, A GOOSE
LADY, A DOG GENTLEMAN, AND A KINDLY
COW, AND THEY ALL GAVE HIM SOMETHING!



AND NOW I'M GOING TO
TEACH THAT CHEAT — THAT
ROBBER — THAT
SCALWAG A —



A SIGNAL WHISTLE: HE MUST
HAVE HEARD
ME!



MERRROW MEE-EW! BROWR!



WHATCHA GLOM THIS TIME,
BLINKY? I GOT IT IN THIS
HOLLOW STUMP.



JUST SOME CHEESE AND BREAD AND COOKIES
AND DOUGHNUTS AND
CREAM AND FISH
AND —



AND THIS JUNK WE'LL DIVVY UP AFTER WE EAT. LET'S GO!



IT'S MY DUTY TO TRAIL THOSE RASCALLY CATS AND...ER... SHOW THEM THE MEANNESS OF THEIR GAME.



ON SECOND THOUGHT THIS STICK MIGHT CAUSE A -ER- PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING!

HE'S RIGHT! SAFETY FIRST!



HOW DO YOU BAD CATS DARE TO EAT THAT FOOD?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?

WHO ARE YOU?



HA, HA! IT'S THE OLD RABBIT GENTLEMAN THAT GAVE ME THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF.



YOU STOLE THAT HANDKERCHIEF-- AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU HAVE THERE!



YOU STOLE THEM FROM HONEST ANIMALS! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES...



MAKING PEOPLE SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU AND YOUR "POOR, SICK, STARVING KITTENS!"

IN OMAHA!

HA, HA! HA, HA!
HA!



LISTEN PALS! I VOTE WE DECORATE
UNCLE WIGGILY WITH THE ANCIENT
ORDER OF HUMBUS...
WHAT SAY P?

I SECOND THE
MOTION!

I THIRD
THE MOTION!

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO
RETURN YOUR HANKY WITH A
MEDAL THAT'S BUGGY
ENOUGH FOR ANY
OLD HUMBUS.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

IT'S FULL OF TICKS!

BAH! A CAT WITH NO CONSCIENCE!

SOMETHING SIMPLY MUST
BE DONE... BUT I CAN'T
THINK WHAT...

WHY
DON'T
YOU GET
UP A
POSSE
?

A WHAT?

A BUNCH OF YOUR
NEIGHBORS... THE
ONES THAT GOT
FOOLED.

BUGGSY THAT'S THE
ANSWER! YOU'RE A
GENIUS.

NOPE!
I'M A
DOODLEBUG.

I'LL CALL ON MRS. TWISTY-TAIL
PIG, AND THEN —

'BYE, UNCLE
WIGGILY! YOU
WON'T NEED
ME NOW.

NOT BLIND — OR
STARVING! THE
HORRID CREATURE!

COME WITH ME TO MRS.
PORCUPINE'S AND WE'LL
TELL HER.



THAT CAT WAS BEGGING FOR A WHOLE GANG OF TRAMPS

AND I GAVE HIM ALL OF MY JELLY TARTS — THE THIEF!



I GAVE THAT CAT MY WRISTWATCH TO PAWN FOR HIS POOR SICK KITTENS.

WE'LL GET IT BACK, MRS GOOSEY GANDER



DID YOU GIVE THE BEGGAR CAT ALL YOU HAD UNCLE WIGGILY?

ER — NO!



TO TELL THE TRUTH I SAVED A WHOLE CHERRY PIE, FRESH FROM THE BAKERY! WHICH REMINDS ME —



I FEEL HALF-STARVED THIS MINUTE LET'S ALL SIT DOWN AND HAVE A SLICE



SKEE I SMELL CHERRY PIE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PIP! AND THE ONLY ONE WHO ALWAYS CARRIES CHERRY PIES AROUND IS UNCLE WIGGILY



COME ON! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY



OH-OH! WE'D BETTER NOT START ANYTHING WITH THAT CROWD

LISTEN!





THAT'S BUNKY AT HIS OLD GAME—GET READY!

HE CAN'T SEE US WITH THAT BLIND-FOLD ON!



COULDN'T YOU SPARE A DOUGHNUT... OR A DIME... KIND SIR, FOR A POOR, BLIND, STARVED, HOMELESS CAT WITH SIX, SICK KITTENS—



IN OMAHA!!!!!!!!!!!!



YEEOW!



GLUG! HA-ALD!



THERE! HE WON'T FOOL ANY MORE PEOPLE AROUND HERE, I GUESS.

HO, HO, HO!



NOW WE'LL TEND TO THE OTHER CAT TRAMPS

I HOPE I GET MY WATCH BACK.



YII! IT'S A MOB AFTER US!

UNCLE WIGGILY HAS A WATER PISTOL!





Albert and Pogo

AND THE FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH



MA SAKES,
ALBERT, WHUT
YO' KNOW! OL'
CANKER COUNTY
IS MENTION HERE
AS A FAMOUS
SPOT IN THE
COUNTRY

RIGHT THERE, PLAIN AS DE NOSE
ON YOU' FACE, SHE SAY OL'
CANKER COUNTY IS DE SCENE
OF OL' PONCE DE LEON'S HUNT
FO' DE FOUNTAIN OF YOOF!



DO TELL!

WHY, MAN, DAT MEANS
ANYWHERE'S IN DE
SWAMP US IS LIABLE
TO RUN ACROSS
DE FOUNTAIN
OF YOOF!



AS YOU KNOWS,
AH IS DE PROUD
POSSESSOR OF DE
NAME PONCE DE
LEON—SHE'S ONE
OF MA MIDDLE
NAMES, SO AH IS
GOT DE BLOOD
OF EXPLORERS
IN MA VEINS.



WHY, IF US COULD FIND DAT FOUNTAIN
OF YOOF, US COULD
BOTTLE DE WATAH
AN' BE MILLYUMAIRES!



WHY, SHO' AN
WIF ME BEIN'
A EXPLORER
BY BIRTH, US
IS BOUND TO
FIND TH' FOUNTAIN.

GODD! YOU IS HIRED TO GUIDE MA
EXPEDITION TO LOOK FO' DE FOUNTAIN
OF YOOF!



AH IS HIRED?
YOU
EXPEDITION?
WHY, MAN,
AH THINK
OF IT FUST!

VERY WELL, MISTUH SUSPICIOUS!
IF YO' THINKS AH CHEATIN' YO'
OUT OF YO' DEE-SERTS US WILL
VOTE TO SEE WHO IS DE LEADER
OF DE EXPEDITION.

AH DEMANDS
A AUSTRALIAN
BALLOT.



DERE—AH PUTS MA STOVE PIPE HAT ON DE
TABLE... DE POLLS IS OPEN—
FILL OUT YO' BALLOT
AN' CAST YO' VOTE.

AH GONE
RETIRE TO
A QUIET
CORNER.



KNOWIN' DAT ALBERT, AH
WILL VOTE FO' MASE'F
'BOUT SIX TIMES—DAT
SHOULD CARRY DE
'LECTION FO' ME!

MUSIC
HM
TUM
TUM

FOUR VOTES,
FIVE VOTES,
SIX VOTES
FO' ME.



AH SHAKES
OUT DE
VOTES...

GEE GOLLY! LOOKY ALL
DEM VOTES! MUST OF
BEEN HALF DE FOLKS
IN CHATTANOOGA
VOTIN' DEY HAIDS
OFF!

DEY IS DIRTY WORK
AFOOT! HOW COME
YOU GOT SIX VOTES
WHEN ON'Y TWO
OF US VOTIN'?

HOW COME LIKEWISE
FO' YOU? AH GOT AS
MANY CONSTITUENTS
AS YOU—DE VOTE
IS A TIE!



ALBERT, LET DAT BE A LESSON... AH KNOWED YO' WOULD CHEAT, SO AH PUT IN EXTER VOTES FO' ME—DAT SHOW WHUT HAPPEN WHEN 'LECTIONS IS CROOKED... IT'S A VIOLATION OF THE UNINETY STATES ORDINANCES AND BY-LAWS, AN FUTHERMO!..

RELAX, SON! DE LATE VOTE F'UM DE UPSTATE COUNTIES IS JES' SHOWIN' UP—MAYHAP DEY IS A TURN IN DE TIDE.



BEHOLD, MA OPPONENT! A LAST MINUTE RETURN SHOW ONE MO' VOTE FO' OL' ALBERT!

DAT'S NO FAIR! DAT'S YOU' NAME STICKER OUTEN YOU HAT WIF YOU HEAD SIZE ON IT!

WHUT INJUSTICE! ACTUAL IT'S A BIG BALLOT FO' ME WUTH $7\frac{1}{8}$ VOTES, BUT AH IS ONLY CLAIMIN' ONE VOTE AN' YOU WRONGS ME.

WHUT'S DE USE?



SHECKS! AH DONT UNNERSTAND WHY AH ALLUS LOSE OUT!

NEMMINE, POGO, AH WILL OUTFIT YO' IN DE FINEST—

DERE! YOU IS RIGGED OUT LIKE A SHO' NUFF GUIDE NOW.

SHECKS, AH COULDN'T GUIDE A HOUN'DAWG ACROSS DE ROOM WIF DIS HAT OVAH MAH EYES!





GOLDERN! DO AH HAFTA CARRY DISH YERE GUN?

YASSUH—YO GOTTA PERTECK DE SAMMITCHES AH IS PACKIN'!



AH GONE SIT OUT CHERE IN DE COOL AN' WAIT FO' YOU, SAHIB.

ALBERT

MIND, YO' WAITS! AH DON'T WANT NO DEE-SERTIN'!



WUNNER WHUT UNCLE ALBERT AN' POGO IS UP TO NOW?

ALBERT



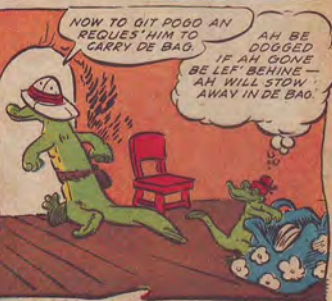
HI, DERE, UNCLE ALBERT! WHUT YO' FIXIN' TO DO?

POGO AN' ME IS EXPLORERS—US GONE OFF ON A EXPEDITION.



DAT'S GREAT! AH WILL GO WIF YO—YO'LL NEED HELP ON 'EM SAMMITCHES!

YO' WILL NOT—YO' STAYS YERE, NEPHOO—AH GOT 'NUFF TROUBLE WIF POGO!



NOW TO GIT POGO AN REQUES' HIM TO CARRY DE BAG.

AH BE DOGGED IF AH GONE BE LEF' BEHINE—AH WILL STOW AWAY IN DE BAG.

RUN INSIDE, MA MAN, AN FOTCH
OUT DE COPPET BAG - DE
TRIP 'BOU TO COMMENCE.



YASSUH,
SAHIB.



OFF WE GOES,
LIGHT HEARTED
AN' GAY!

HMMPH!



AT LEAST, SAHIB
ALBERT, YO'
MOUGHT STOP
DRAGGIN' YOU'
TAIL.

WHICH WAY YO'
FIGGERS US
OUGHT TO
START EXPLORIN'
POGO?



YO' SEE DAT
BREAK IN DE
CANE DERE?
AH DE ON'Y ONE
AH KNOWS THAT
EVAH BEEN IN
DERE - IT'S
SECRET!



US WILL
HAVE TO
POLE THROUGH
HERE



PSST, OWL!
POGO
AN' ALBERT
DONE FOUND
OUR FISHIN'
HOLE!

DAWGONE! HOW YOU 'SPEC DEY FOUND OUR SECRET FISHIN' HOLE?



YOU NOTICE THEY ALL DRESSED UP KINDA FUNNY?



MEBBE THEY ISN'T GONE FISHIN'—MEBBE IT PAY US TO SEE WHUT DEY UP TO!



RIGHT OVAH THAR A WAYS, THEY IS A FOUNTAIN...MOUGHT BE DAT IS DE FOUNTAIN OF YOOF.

SHH—US CAN HEAR 'EM NOW

WAL, LET'S US PUSH ON OVAH THAR— THEN US WILL BE MILLYUMAIRES!



MAN! YO' HEAR DAT?



LOOKY RIGHT THROUGH THAR!

DOG MA CATS! ITS A ISLAND
AH NEVER SEED AFORE!



DERE, AH PULLS
UP DE SKIFF

AN' AH
LEAVES DAT
HOT HAT
BEHIME.



LOOKY DERE, ALBERT!
A FOUNTAIN! MUS'
BE DATS IT!



DONT SIP UP
TOO MUCH, ALBERT.
AH DONT WANTA
RAISE YO' FUM
A INFINK.



NOPE, AH
FEELS DE
SAME.

AN'-MOS'
UNFOTUNATE,
YO LOOKS
DE SAME!

OOOP! MA FOOT SLIPPED!
MEBBE YO' WILL BE
YOUNGER IF YOU
TAKES A BAFF.

MA SAKES! YO ISNT
LOOK YOUNGER
BUT YO' LOOKS A
LOT CLEANER!





LET'S US LOOK FUTHER—
THIS YERE AIN'T DE
FOUNTAIN
OF YOOF-
DAT'S SHO!



MEANWHILE

YASSUH, DEY
SKIFF IS TIED
UP OVAH DERE
BY DAT STRANGE
ISLAND.

US'LL HAID
FO' IT.



ALSO MEANWHILE

BY DOGGONE! AH GONE
CLUMBER OUTEN DISH BAG
WHILE DEM TWO IS GONE.



ALSO AH WILL TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF UNCLE
ALBERT'S SAMMITCHES!
MMMMMMF!



DAT WAS GOOD—
NOW AH FINK
AH SEED AH
SEEGAR OF
UNCLE ALBERT'S
IN THERE...

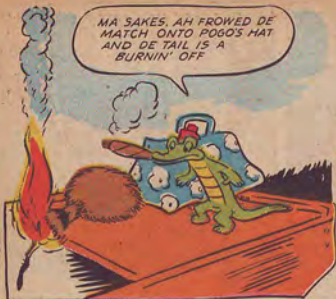


NUFFIN LIKE
A GOOD
SEEGAR!



AN—KOFF-KCFF—NUFFIN
LIKE UNCLE ALBERT'S
SEEGARS, EITHER!

MA SAKES, AH FROWED DE
MATCH ONTO POGO'S HAT
AND DE TAIL IS A
BURNIN' OFF



OOOF - DE SEEGAR
IS GOT ME! OY!



CHURCHY, WE IS STUMBLED
ON A TRAGEDY - LOOKY!
ALBERT HAS DRUNK FROM
DE FOUNTAIN AN' IS BEEN
MADE BACK INTO A
LITTLE BOY!



AN-AN'
POGO?

ONLESS AH MISS MA
GUESS - DAT IS
POGO!

MA GOLLYS!



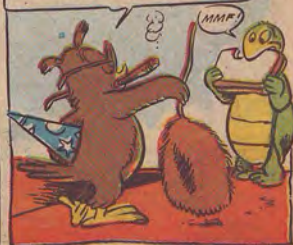
YASSUH, US GOTTA REMOVE OUR HAID-PIECES
AN' GIVE THOUGHT TO DE DEAR FRIEND
WHO WAS SO RECENT 'MONGST OUR MIDST

IT SHO' TETCHIN'



MA SAKES, AH WONDER WHAT
CAUSE POGO TO PASS ON? IT
SHD' HOLLER HIM OUT SLICK.

MMF!



YO' FIGGER US OUGHT TO GIVE POGO NAVAL OR MILITARY RITES?

POSSIBLE US OUGHT TO SHIP DE REMAINS TO HIS KIN FOLKS.



IN DAT CASE, US BETTER LOOK FO' IDENTIFICATION LABELS ON DE DECEASED'S PUSSON - MMM - WHUT YO' KNOW? POGO IS RELATED TO FOLKS UP IN NOO YAWK!



COUPLE FELLERS NAME OF ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH.

MUST OF BEEN A VODDYVILLE TEAM - 'AT'S HIS MAMMY AN' DADDY, AH GUESS.



LOOKY! WHO DAT COMIN'? IT LOOK LIKE POGO HISSELF!

DASH WHO IT BE - DOBBONE! HE CAN HELP US WIF DE PROBLEM



OWL! AND CAP'N CHURCHY! HOW YOU FOLKS GIT OVAH THERE?

NEMMINE DAT - WHO WE GONE SEND DIS BODY TO? WHUT'S ABERCROMBIE AN' FITCH'S ADDRESS?

NEVAH HEERD ON 'EM YET - AN' WHUT BODY YO' TALKIN' 'BOUT?



WHO'S DAID?

WOWIE! IT JUST
OCCUR TO US—
YOU IS!



WHUT IN DE WORL'
IS DE MATTER
WIF DEM TWO?

HAID FO' BERMUDA!
DISH WHOLE SWAMP-
I AND GONE BE
HAUNTED FIT
TO KILL!



WHUT'S ALL
DE FUSS?

LOOK WHO'S OVAH
IN DE BOAT—YOU'
NEPHOO—
ALABASTER!



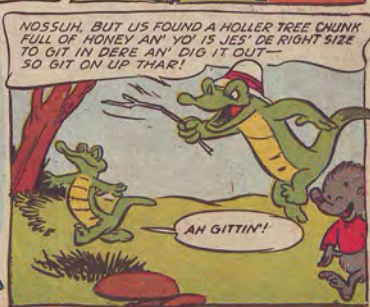
WHY, ALABASTER! HOW
PUFFICKAL
DELIGHTFUL
TO SEE YO!



YO' MEANS YO' ISNT GWINE
WHOP ME FO' FOLLYIN' YO'?
DID YO' FINE DE
FOUNTAIN OF YOOF?



NOSSUH, BUT US FOUND A HOLLER TREE CHUNK
FULL OF HONEY AN' YO' IS JES' DE RIGHT SIZE
TO GIT IN DERE AN' DIG IT OUT—
SO GIT ON UP THAR!



ROVER

ROVER, YOU MAY REMEMBER, HAD FALLEN FROM A TRUCK ON HIS WAY FROM THE KENNEL TO A NEW MASTER. THE BOX IN WHICH HE WAS CARRIED HAD BROKEN OPEN AND ROVER HAD DECIDED TO SEE THE WORLD. SO NOW, HAVING LEFT HIS RABBIT FRIENDS, ROVER CAME UPON A PECULIAR SIGHT.



DOWN IN A LITTLE MEADOW, ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN, WERE MANY SHEEP GRAZING ON THE NEW SPRING GRASS.



THEY WERE VERY PEACEFUL AND FRIENDLY AND NOT AT ALL LIKE THE SUSPICIOUS WILD ANIMALS ROVER HAD MET UP TILL NOW.



HE WATCHED THEM FOR A MOMENT, UNAWARE THAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEADOW TWO YOUNG TIMBER WOLVES WERE WATCHING THE SHEEP, TOO.



SUDDENLY THE SHEEP STARTED TO BOLT. BEFORE ROVER'S EYES THEY CHANGED FROM QUIET CONTENTED CREATURES INTO A BARRING MASS.



WHAT CAUSED IT? ROVER COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT HE JUMPED INTO ACTION AND RAN AROUND THE HERD TO FIND OUT.



AS HE TOPPED A LITTLE RISE HE SAW THE TWO YOUNG TIMBER WOLVES HERDING A BLEATING LITTLE LAMB TOWARD THE TREES.



ROVER DIDN'T EVEN SLOW FROM HIS RUN. HE DECIDED TO ATTACK, AND RIGHT AWAY, FOR THE WOLVES WERE CLOSING IN ON THE LAMBS.



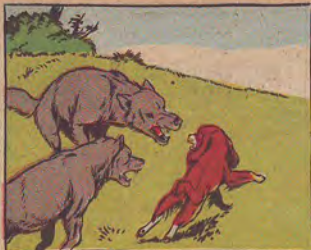
WITHOUT A SOUND ROVER THREW HIMSELF AT THE HINDQUARTERS OF THE NEAREST WOLF, AND SLASHED AT HIS LEG.



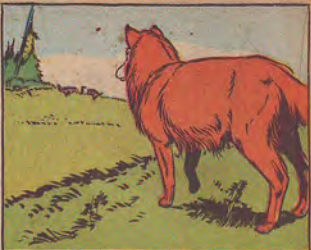
THEN JUST AS QUICKLY, HE JUMPED THE OTHER WOLF, WITH SNARLS OF RAGE BOTH WOLVES ABANDONED THEIR PREY, AND TURNED TO DEAL WITH THEIR ATTACKER.



IT WAS AN UNEVEN BATTLE, BUT ROVER HELD THEM OFF BY CONSTANTLY CHANGING HIS ATTACK FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.



BUT IT WAS A LOSING STRUGGLE, FOR THE LITTLE SPANIEL WAS BEING FORCED TO GIVE GROUND AT EVERY LUNGE.



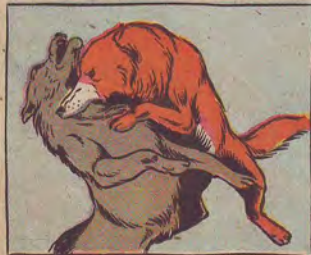
IT LOOKED VERY HOPELESS—WHEN SUDDENLY OUT ONTO THE MEADOW CAME "SHEP," THE SHEEP DOG, WHO HAD HEARD THE BATTLE.



SHEP WASTED NO TIME, FOR FIGHTING WOLVES WAS SOMETHING SHEP HAD LEARNED FROM PUPPYHOOD, AND HE JOINED THE FIGHT IMMEDIATELY.



WITH A RUSH THE HEAVY SHEEP DOG THREW HIMSELF AT THE FIRST WOLF—AND BEFORE THAT PIRATE KNEW IT, SHEP HAD HIM...



IN A DEATH GRIP THAT DIDN'T TAKE VERY LONG.



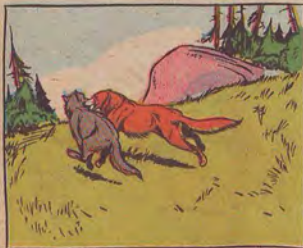
HARDLY PAUSING TO LOOK AT HIS DEAD FOE, SHEP WHEELED FOR THE OTHER, FOR ROVER WAS DOWN!



THIS CHANGE OF EVENTS WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE REMAINING WOLF, AND HE BROKE OFF THE FIGHT TO RUN.



AND RUN HE DID, BUT WITH SHEP CLOSING IN VERY RAPIDLY BEHIND, AND QUITE A WAY BACK ROVER WAS FOLLOWING.



HALF WAY ACROSS THE MEADOW SHEP CAUGHT HIS FLEEING FOE.



IT WAS SHORT WORK FOR SHEP TO DISPATCH THIS ONE, AND AS ROVER CAME UP, THE DEATH BLOW HAD BEEN STRUCK.



FOR A MINUTE THE TWO DOGS STOOD PANTING, LOOKING AT THE FALLEN WOLF.



THEN ROVER AND SHEP SAT LICKING THE FEW WOUNDS THEY HAD RECEIVED IN THE BATTLE.



"YOU COME ALONG WITH ME," SAID ROVER'S NEW FRIEND, "MY MASTER FEEDS ME NOW, AND YOU MUST BE HUNGRY, TOO."



THE TWO DOGS CAME DOWN A LITTLE RAVINE AND THERE WAS THE SHEPHERD'S LITTLE WAGON AND THE SHEPHERD HIMSELF PREPARING SUPPER.



"WELL, WELL," CHUCKLED THE OLD MAN, WHEN HE SAW ROVER, "SHEP, I SEE YOU GOT YOURSELF A PAL, HAVEN'T YOU?"



"AND I SEE YOU BOYS BEEN FIGHTING SOMETHING—WOLVES, I BET!" THE OLD SHEPHERD BENT DOWN TO PAT BOTH DOGS.



"WELL, I GUESS YOU BOYS EARNED YOUR SUPPER TONIGHT," HE LADLED OUT TWO BOWLS OF RICH STEW FROM THE POT ON THE FIRE.



AND AS HE WATCHED THE TWO FRIENDS EAT, HE CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF, "DOGS ARE GREAT PEOPLE," HE OBSERVED.



WHEN THE HERDER HAD FINISHED HIS OWN MEAL, HE SAT BY THE FIRE TALKING TO THE DOGS OF HIS FAVORITE TOPIC—THE NUGGETS OF GOLD HE HAD FOUND IN HIS TRAVELS



"YOU BOYS WILL LIVE WITH ME AND MY WIFE ON THE PLACE THIS WILL BUY," HE TOLD THEM BUT SUDDENLY THE DOGS SPRANG UP



THE UNDERBRUSH CRACKLED AND TWO MEN STRODE INTO THE CIRCLE OF FIRELIGHT "HOWDY, STRANGERS," SAID THE HERDER



"EVENING," RESPONDE THE TALLER OF THE TWO STRANGERS, "JUST GETTIN' READY TO BED DOWN WHEN WE SAW YOUR FIRE"



"WELL, SET DOWN AND HAVE SOME COFFEE QUIET THERE, BOYS," HE SAID TO THE DOGS, FOR THEY COULD SENSE SOMETHING WRONG AND WERE GROWLING



"BED DOWN BY THE FIRE IF YOU CARE TO," AND THE OLD MAN WENT INTO HIS WAGON AFTER HE HAD SENT THE DOGS OUT TO WATCH THE SHEEP



LATE IN THE STILLNESS OF THE FOREST NIGHT, THE TWO MEN SUDDENLY GOT UP VERY STEALTHILY. THEY HAD SEEN THE HERDER'S POUCH



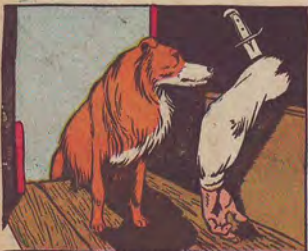
QUIETLY AS A CAT ONE OF THE MEN CROPT INTO THE WAGON. A KNIFE BLOW, QUICK AND SURE, AND THEIR CRIME WAS DONE



TO ROVER AND SHEP, COMING BACK IN THE EARLY MORNING, SOMETHING SEEMED WRONG. THE CAMP WAS ODDLY STILL



APPROACHING THE WAGON, SHEP GAVE A SHORT BARK AS IF TO CALL THE HERDER. BUT NO ANSWER CAME



AS SHEP JUMPED UP INTO THE WAGON HE SAW WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE COULD SEE NO BARK WOULD EVER WAKE THE HERDER AGAIN



AND THE RAGE AND SORROW IN SHEP'S BREAST BECAME FIXED ON ONLY ONE THING - REVENGE



TRACING THE SCENT OF THE TWO MEN, THE TWO DOGS CAME TO WHERE THE CRIMINALS HAD MOUNTED THEIR HORSES.



ROVER'S KEEN NOSE PICKED OUT THE TRAIL OF THE HORSES AS IT TWISTED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE



DOWN INTO THE VALLEY THE DOGS FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE HORSES UNTIL IT WAS LOST IN THE MANY HORSE PRINTS OF THE TOWN'S MAIN STREET



THE SEARCH SEEMED HOPELESS AS THEY TROTTED SLOWLY ALONG BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS...



UNTIL SUDDENLY ROVER LIFTED HIS HEAD A FAMILIAR LAUGH AND A FEW WORDS CAME TO HIM FROM A NOISY TAVERN.



AND AS HE PEERED BENEATH THE SWINGING DOORS HE SAW THEM—THE TWO STRANGERS!



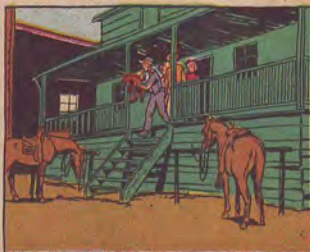
WITH A SNARL ROVER WENT FOR THEM. HE LEAPED AT THE MAN WHOSE SCENT IT WAS THEY PICKED UP IN THE WAGON.



"CONFOUNDED MONGREL!" CRIED THE SURPRISED AND ANGRY CROOK, AND HE CAUGHT ROVER UNDER THE CHIN WITH A KICK.



"HERE, HERE, WHAT GOES ON?" ASKED A BYSTANDER, AS HE GRABBED THE LITTLE SPANIEL. "MAD DOG THAT'S WHAT!" SAID THE CROOK.



"WELL, WE'LL TAKE HIM OUT" AND THE GROUP STARTED FOR THE STREET.



BUT HARDLY HAD THEY DESCENDED WHEN SHEP SPIED THE MEN TOO. AND WITHOUT A WARNING SOUND HE LEAPED FOR THE NEAREST



"SAY, AIN'T THIS OLD MAN MORGAN, THE SHEPHERDER'S DOG?" ASKED ONE OF THE MEN WHO PULLED SNEP LOOSE.



"IT IS," SAID THE SHERIFF, WHO APPEARED ON THE SCENE, "AND THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE—REACH, BOYS!" AND HE POINTED HIS GUN AT THEM



"OKAY, SEARCH 'EM!" AND THE OLD SHEPHERDER'S POUCH WAS PULLED FROM THE POCKET OF A TREMBLING CROOK.



WITHIN AN HOUR THE SHERIFF WAS LEADING A SMALL POSSE AND THE TWO CRIMINALS UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS.



"WELL, BOYS," SAID THE SHERIFF, AS HE CAME FROM THE WAGON, "THE DOGS WERE RIGHT. OLD MAN MORGAN, HE'S BEEN MURDERED!"



JUSTICE WAS SWIFT IN THE WEST AND WHEN THE POSSE STARTED BACK FOR TOWN, THERE WERE TWO EMPTY SADDLES.



AS MAY WELL BE IMAGINED, ROVER AND SHEP WERE HEROES, AND EVERYONE WANTED TO TAKE THEM.



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO, BOYS," SAID THE SHERIFF. "WE'LL AUCTION 'EM OFF, AND THE MONEY GOES TO MORGAN'S WIDOW!"



SO THE BIDDING STARTED AND SHEP WAS SOLD FIRST



THEN IT WAS ROVER'S TURN, AND SHEP, BEING LED AWAY, LOOKED BACK AT HIS FRIEND, WAITING TO BE BOUGHT



THE BIDDING FINALLY REACHED A HIGH AS A HEAVY-SET MAN PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD WAVING HIS MONEY.



"SOLD!" CALLED THE SHERIFF, AS ROVER'S NEW MASTER HANDED OVER THE CASH.



AND ROVER, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE WAS HELD ON A LEASH. HE LOOKED UP AT HIS NEW MASTER. "WHAT NOW?" HE WONDERED.

Prehysteria



I HEARN YA HOLLOWIN' ATCHER DORG, KOKO, SO I TRUN BACK DE ROCK ON ACCOUNTER YA WUZ HOLLOWIN' FER DE DORG TO FETCH IT FOYER.

HULLO, GOO, GOO!

GOO GOO IS GOIN' HUNTIN' FER THE TWO HEADED WUNK, AND I FINGER YOU AN' DE DAWG IS GOOD COMPANY...YA WANNA COME, KOKO?

SURE, WE'LL HELP YOU HUNT THE TWO HEADED WUNK.

I'M MAN'S BEST FRIEND.



IF YOU WANT THE ADVICE OF MAN'S BEST FRIEND, NAMELY ME, HIS DOG, HIS EVER TRUE COMPANION THROUGH HIGH AND LOW, FAIR WEATHER OR FOUL—IN SHORT, IF YOU WANT THE ADVICE OF THIS STERLING SOUL...

I YALLUS CARRY BOA NARROWS ON ACCOUNT I FIGHTS GOOD WIDDUM.

I CARRY A STONE AXE.

I'M MAN'S BEST FRIEND, HIS VERY BEST.



AT DESE WORDS, I TURNS LIKE A FLASK AND BOA NARROWS AT DE PEST! NOW SHADDUP!

GIVE THE MAN HIS ARROW, M. B.

EGAD, SIR, YOUR AIM IS NOUGHT TO BE RECKONED WITH—YOU'RE AS CROSSEYD AS A MONGOOSE!

YOUSE ARE JES' JELLERS



BEFORE THIS LOWLY SERVANT
RETURNS THE MAN'S ARROW,
REMEMBER IT WAS ME, THE
DOG, WHO GAVE IT BACK.



YEA, VERILY—STUNG TO
THE QUICK BY THE SLINGS
AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS
FORTUNE, YET DO I TURN
T'OTHER CHEEK.



AAH! GIMME ME ARRER AFOR
I TURNS YER OTHER CHEEK
FER YER!



LET DAT BE A LESSING TO
YOUSE DAWGS—MAN .IS
MASTER OF DE BEAST!

PERCHANCE! BUT IF
YOU WANT THE ADVICE
OF THE BEST FRIEND
YOU EVER HAD—



LISSEN, SHOR'Y,
WHEN I WANTS
DE ADVICE OF
A BEAST, I'LL
ASK FOR IT.



MAN'S BEST FRIEND,
THAT'S ME—QUIET
AND DIGNITY MARK
MY EVERY DEED.

WE'RE GOING ON A
WUNK HUNT—SO LAY
LOW, BUD—WE'RE
FIERCE CHARACTERS
WHEN AROUSED!



GLIP?



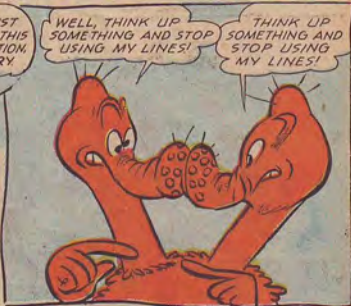
HUMPH! ANOTHER HUNTING PARTY.

WE MUST OUTWIT THIS EXPEDITION, HARVEY.

WE MUST OUTWIT THIS EXPEDITION, HARRY.

WELL, THINK UP SOMETHING AND STOP USING MY LINES!

THINK UP SOMETHING AND STOP USING MY LINES!



OH, STOP CROWDING—MOVE OVER ON YOUR OWN SIDE FOR A CHANGE!

YOU'RE NO FOURTEEN CARAT COMPANION—CURL UP KID—CURL UP!

BEAT IT, BUB, YA BOTHER ME!

HEAD NORTH, DOC, BECAUSE IT'S GONNA GET MIGHTY HOT AROUND HERE FOR YA!





CHASE YERSELF, UGLY, BEFORE I POWDER YA!

ON YOUR WAY, PICKLE PUSS!



KLOP!

WHOP!



SOMETHIN' JUST WENT DOWN THAT WAY, GOOGOO.

REVERED BY MAN AND BEAST, A FRIEND OF ALL-THE DOG, A NOBLE CREATURE.

COULDNA OF IT BEEN DE WUNK?



NAW, IT'S SOME KINDERA ONE-HEADED CROUTURE SITTIN' DOWN 'HERE.

A WUNK HAS TWO HEADS

THE DOG, FRIENDS, IS MAN'S BELOVED COMPANION AT ALL TIMES.

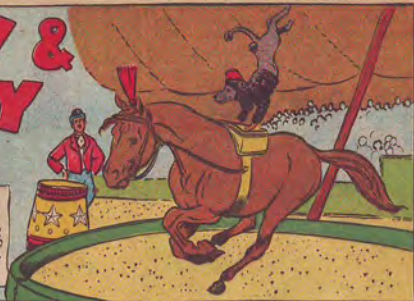


FLEET OF FOOT, DIGNIFIED OF MIEN, FEARLESS AND SELF SACRIFICING, HE LEADS MAN ON THE HUNT AND THROUGH VICISSITUDES OF LIFE—WHO? THE DOG!

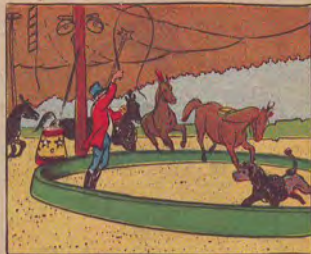
NEX' TIME I BOA NARRERS HIM, IT'S FER KEEPS!

RUSTY & ROWDY

ALONG ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE CIRCUS JUST AFTER THE ELEPHANTS HAD FINISHED THEIR ACT.



INTRODUCING THE SIX TRAINED PONIES, FEATURING RUSTY THE LEAD PONY, AND ROWDY THE TRAINED DOG. THE ANNOUNCER WOULD CALL AS THE PONY ACT CAME INTO THE BIG TENT.



AND THERE GALLOPING AHEAD OF THEM INTO THE RING WOULD BE ROWDY, THE TRAINED POODLE, HIS EYES ON THE TRAINER.



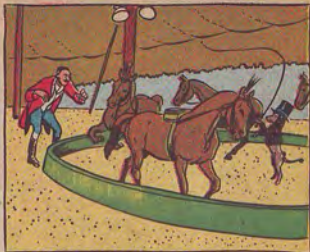
WHAP! THE LONG WHIP WOULD SNAP AND THE PONIES WOULD ALTER THEIR FORMATION WITH RUSTY TAKING THE CENTER OF THE RING.



AND THERE BALANCING ON RUSTY'S NECK WOULD BE ROWDY HOLDING HIS PRECARIOUS POSE AS RUSTY SLOWLY ROSE ON HIS HIND LEGS.



THEN SNAP WOULD GO THE WHIP AGAIN AND ROWDY WOULD LEAP TO THE TANBARK AS THE PONIES SWUNG INTO LINE.



IT WAS ROWDY'S HAT AND WHIP ACT NOW AND IT NEVER FAILED TO BRING THE CROWD UP TO ITS FEET CLAPPING.



AND ROWDY WOULD TAKE OFF THE HAT AND LOOK UP AT THE CROWD AS IT CONTINUED TO CLAP.



IT WAS THE FINAL ACT THAT WAS THE HARDEST THOUGH, AS ALL SIX PONIES LINED UP IN FRONT OF ROWDY AND STOOD UP.



"HOLD IT! HOLD IT, NOW," WOULD COME THE HOARSE, WHISPER OF THE TRAINER AS HE WATCHED EVERY ANIMAL IN THE RING



SO THIS DAY AS THE PONY ACT FINISHED, THE TRAINER, AS USUAL, BENT LOW TO TAKE THE ACCLAIM OF THE CROWD



BUT WHEN THEY LEFT THE BIG TENT THE TRAINER WAS VERY ANGRY AND HE AIMED A KICK AT ROWDY.



"DUMHEADS!" HE ROARED AT THE PONIES AND THE DOG. "DUMBHEADS— MISSING CLUES! WELL, I WILL CURE THAT!"



AS THE CIRCUS MOVED ON TO THE NEXT TOWN THE TRAINER SAT ON ONE OF THE WAGONS SULLENLY MUTTERING TO HIMSELF.



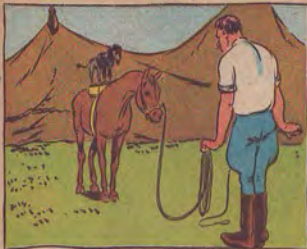
"NOW!" HE SHOUTED AS THEY MADE CAMP—"NOW WE SHALL SEE IF I CANNOT CORRECT THIS LAZINESS." AND HE SHOOK OUT HIS WHIP.



"WE WILL DO IT UNTIL WE ARE LETTER PERFECT, PERFECT DO YOU UNDERSTAND?" RUSTY AND ROWDY TREMBLED FOR THEY WERE FIRST.



AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT BEFORE THE WHIP POPPED OVER THEM. "NO, NO," SCREAMED THE TRAINER.



"IS IT FOR THIS I WASTED ALL WINTER IN TRAINING?" THE DOG AND THE PONY TREMBLED AS THEY WAITED.



THEN WITH A CRUEL CUT THE TRAINER BROUGHT THE WHIP DOWN ON THE SHIVERING PONY - AND ROWDY JUMPED -



DIRECTLY FOR THE TRAINER.



IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR RUSTY AND AS THE DOG LEAPED ON THE MAN, THE PONY BOLTED.



NOW IT'S A HARD THING FOR A LOOSE PONY TO RUN OFF A CIRCUS LOT, BUT RUSTY DID JUST THAT AS THE TRAINER AND ROWDY STRUGGLED.



BUT THE ROUSTABOUTS SOON RAN UP AND SEPARATED THEM - AND THE CIRCUS MANAGER WAS VERY ANGRY WITH THE TRAINER FOR HITTING THE PONY.



SO WHEN THEY WENT ON THAT AFTERNOON THERE WERE ONLY FIVE PONIES. ROWDY SAT ON ANOTHER PONY LONELY AND UNHAPPY.



AND HE SAT ALL THROUGH THE ACT WATCHING THE TRAINER.



"NOW FOR YOU DOG!" AND THE TRAINER RAPPED ON A STAND WITH HIS WHIP BUT ROWDY JUST STOOD THERE, GROWLING.



THE AUDIENCE THOUGHT IT WAS A PART OF THE ACT AT FIRST BUT THEN THEY SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND THEY REALLY LAUGHED!



WELL, THE TRAINER WAS TERRIBLY ANGRY AND VERY EMBARRASSED AND HE ENDED THE ACT IMMEDIATELY



"I'M RUINED," HE MOANED TO A CLOWN STANDING NEARBY — "RUINED — THIS DOG — THIS MUTT HAS RUINED ME!"



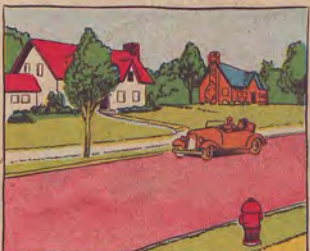
JUST THEN A MAN AND HIS SON WALKED BY AND THE LITTLE BOY PATTED ROWDY WHO ANSWERED WITH A WAG OF HIS TAIL.



"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D SELL HIM, WOULD YOU?" ASKED THE MAN. "SELL HIM? TAKE HIM—GET HIM OUT OF HERE—HE'S YOURS."



SO ROWDY LEFT THE CIRCUS WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS.



"THERE'S YOUR NEW HOME, ROWDY," THEY TOLD HIM AS THEY DROVE UP TO THEIR HOUSE.



WELL, THEY FED ROWDY AND CARED FOR HIM AND LIKED HIM —



AND HE CAME TO BE A PART OF THE FAMILY.



ROWDY'S COAT GREW IN AND HE HAD THE RUN OF THE BACKYARD.



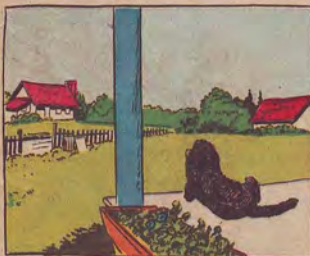
BUT THOUGH HE LIKED ALL THIS AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY PERFORMED ONE OF HIS CIRCUS TRICKS FOR THE YOUNGSTER,



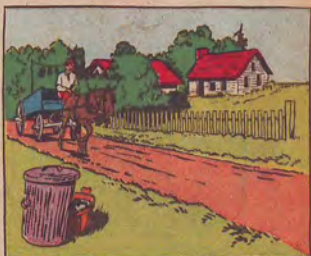
ROWDY WASN'T TRULY HAPPY. ROWDY WAS A CIRCUS DOG AND HE MISSED IT ALL.



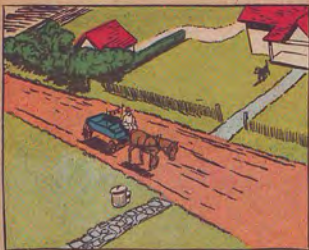
PARTICULARLY DID HE MISS HIS OLD FRIEND, THE PONY WHO HAD RUN AWAY; RUSTY



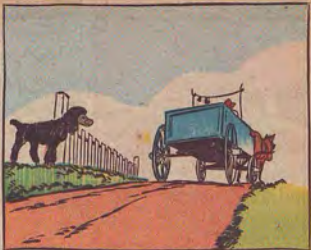
SO IT WAS THAT ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON, ROWDY PERKED HIS EARS UP IDLY AT THE TINKLE OF A JUNKWAGON'S BELLS.



AS THE LITTLE CART JOUNCED ALONG THE BACK ROAD THERE SEEMED TO BE SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT IT TO ROWDY -



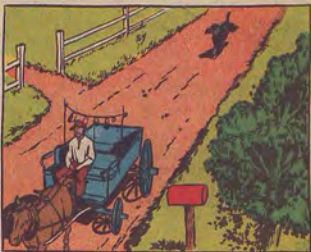
SOMETHING FROM THE CIRCUS,
FOR THE LITTLE BROWN PONY
PULLING THE WAGON —



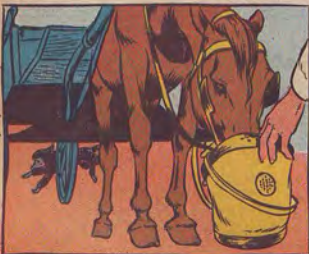
CERTAINLY LOOKED FAMILIAR!
ROWDY RAN DOWN TO LOOK
AFTER IT.



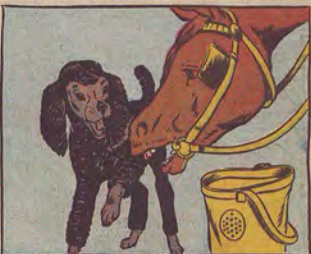
AND THEN HE STARTED TO TROT
AFTER IT.



FOR THAT PONY CERTAINLY
LOOKED FAMILIAR, IN THE WAY
HE LOOKED AND WALKED
ROWDY'S HEART WAS JUMPING!



JUST THEN THE WAGON
STOPPED AND THE JUNKMAN
PUT DOWN SOME FOOD FOR
THE PONY AND WALKED AWAY.



AND WHEN ROWDY RAN UP
AND LOOKED, HE STILL
COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. IT
WAS RUSTY!



WELL, ROWDY FELT
SO GOOD HE JUST
SAT THERE AND SMILED



AND THEN WITH A LEAP HE WAS UP ON
RUSTY'S BACK UP WHERE HE USED
TO BE IN THE CIRCUS



WELL, RUSTY FELT SO GLAD TOO
THAT HE STARTED TO PRANCE
UP AND DOWN A LITTLE. IT WAS
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.



NOW YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW A
DOG DOING TRICKS ON A
HORSE'S BACK WOULD DRAW
A CROWD - AND SO IT DID.



"BY GEORGE, THAT'S THE MOST
UNUSUAL THING I EVER SAW," SAID
THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN TO A
FRIEND - "WHO OWNS THEM?"



"WHY THE PONY IS MINE," INTERRUPTED
THE PEDDLER. "BUT I HAVE NEVER
SEEN HIM ACT LIKE THIS. AS FOR THE
DOG I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE."



AT JUST THAT MOMENT ROWDY'S MASTER AND HIS SON CAME UP. THERE HE IS NOW, DADDY, THERE'S ROWDY ON THE HORSE," CRIED THE BOY.



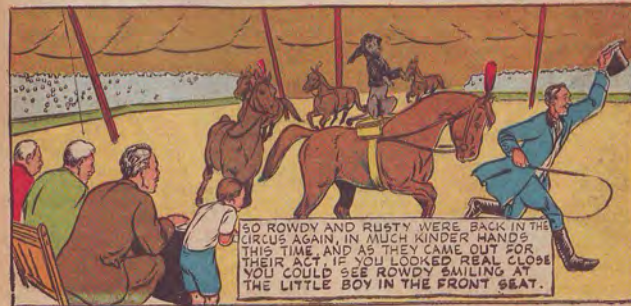
"WELL, SON, THERE'S THE REASON WHY ROWDY WASN'T EVER REALLY HAPPY WITH US. HE'S A CIRCUS DOG - AND ALWAYS WILL BE!"



SO THE MAYOR AND ROWDY'S MASTER AND THE JUNKMAN HELD A CONFERENCE RIGHT THERE! AND THEY CAME TO A DECISION -



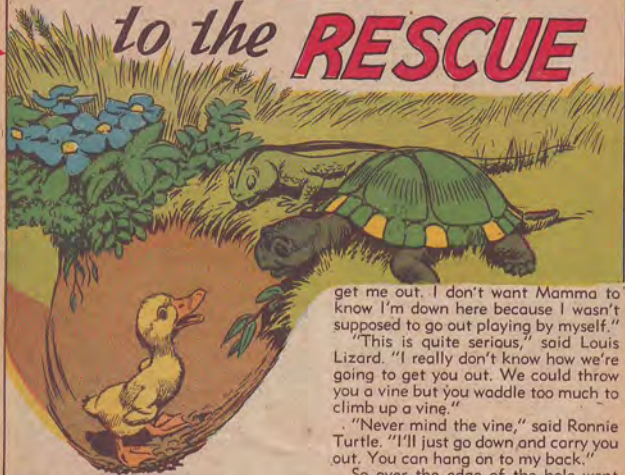
FOR ROWDY'S MASTER KNEW THAT THE CIRCUS WAS IN THE NEXT TOWN, AND SO THEY ALL WENT OVER TO IT, WHERE A NEW PONY TRAINER GREETED THEM.



SO ROWDY AND RUSTY WERE BACK IN THE CIRCUS AGAIN, IN MUCH KINDER HANDS THIS TIME, AND AS THEY CAME OUT FOR THEIR ACT, IF YOU LOOKED REAL CLOSE YOU COULD SEE ROWDY SMILING AT THE LITTLE BOY IN THE FRONT SEAT.

BUCKY BEAVER

to the **RESCUE**



"Help! Help!" called a voice. Ronnie Turtle, who was out for a stroll with Louis Lizard, stopped.

"Did you hear someone call help, help!" he asked Louis.

"Yes I did," said Louis. "And it sounded like it came from that hole over there."

"That's impossible," said Ronnie, who was really a little smug. "Nobody would fall in there."

"Maybe not, but we had better look anyway," answered Louis, who was sometimes quite wise.

Together they went over and peered down into the hole. And there, right in the bottom, was baby Danny Duckling.

"Well," said Ronnie Turtle. "I didn't think about a baby duck. However did you get down there?" he called.

"I just fell in," said Danny. "Please

get me out. I don't want Mamma to know I'm down here because I wasn't supposed to go out playing by myself."

"This is quite serious," said Louis Lizard. "I really don't know how we're going to get you out. We could throw you a vine but you waddle too much to climb up a vine."

"Never mind the vine," said Ronnie Turtle. "I'll just go down and carry you out. You can hang on to my back."

So over the edge of the hole went Ronnie. He slipped and slithered and scooted right to the bottom.

"Heaven's!" exclaimed Ronnie. "I had no idea it was so steep."

"Gosh. Then you can't get me out, can you?" said Danny Duckling, and big tears ran down his bill.

"Oh poof! Of course I can," soothed Ronnie Turtle. "Just get on my back."

Danny waddled up onto Ronnie's hard shelled back and Ronnie started up the steep side of the hole. But when he had gone just a little ways up the side his hind foot slipped, then his front foot slipped, and all four of his feet slipped and down he tumbled to the bottom and landed right on his back, which wasn't very pleasant for Danny who got squashed under him.

"Help! Help!" called Ronnie Turtle who got very excited because he

couldn't get on his feet again.

"Oh, this is awful," said Louis Lizard who was watching from the top. "I'll have to go get some of the other animals to help me." And off he went.

Pretty soon he came back, and he had Hippy Hop the Rabbit, and Bucky Beaver and Manny Mole and Ricky Raccoon, all with him.

Ricky Raccoon, looking down the hole, gave his opinion first.

"It looks hopeless to me. I guess we'll just have to leave them there and throw down food to them."

"That's a good idea," said Manny Mole. "And then one of these days Danny Duckling will be big enough to fly out."

"That's all right for Danny Duckling," said Louis Lizard, "but what about Ronnie Turtle?"

"Hmmm!" said Hippy. "This doesn't look so hard, even though I can't tell you exactly what to do."

"Well," said Bucky Beaver, who had been examining the hole. "I think I know what to do. You fellows just come to the creek with me."

When they all got down to the creek, Bucky said: "Now you fellows all get busy and dig a ditch from the creek bank over to the hole."

So Hippy Hop and Louis and Manny and even Ricky started digging a ditch, even though Ricky didn't like getting his paws dirty and kept going to the creek to wash them. Bucky Beaver went off by himself and was very busy.

At last the ditch was dug right over to the hole and Hippy, Louis, Manny and Ricky looked up to see what Bucky was doing, and what did they see but a little stream of water running along the ditch and right into the hole. And before many minutes had passed the hole was full of water and Danny Duckling and Ronnie Turtle floated up to the top.

"Thank you for rescuing us," said Danny and Ronnie. "How ever did you do it?"

"I just dammed up the creek," answered Bucky. "Engineering is really quite simple for us beavers."



UNCLE WIGGILY

